

# HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

## Whole Deal Struck This Clerk as Real Funny

CHICAGO.—Warrant Clerk John J. Gardner of the court of domestic relations has ministered to the troubles of thousands of married couples since he became an aid of Judge Uhlir, but none of the misunderstandings were as momentous as one which confronted the clerk the other day.

Gardner was dreaming about the opening baseball game when he was disturbed by the appearance of a woman who wanted a warrant for her husband's arrest.

"What's your name?" queried the clerk, mechanically.

"Mary Struck, and I live at 216 East Ontario street," answered the woman.

"What's the charge?" asked Gardner.

"He struck me," replied the woman, angrily.

"Who struck you?" demanded Gardner, who is used to hearing such complaints.

"John Struck," snapped the woman.

"Sure, John struck you," he said, "but there are a lot of Johns in this city. Who is he?"

"He's Struck," the woman attempted to explain.

"He's Struck," said Gardner. "Well, who struck him? What is this, a free-for-all fight?"

"Nobody struck him. He struck me, Mary Struck," explained the woman.

Patiently Gardner repeated the statement aloud. He turned it inside out, walked all around it and tried to get a little light on the tangle.

"See here," he finally exploded, "is this some joke? You say that nobody struck him. John struck you, and Mary Struck. Who did Mary strike?"

It was plain that the woman pitted Gardner because he couldn't understand such a simple proposition.

"Pay attention," she demanded. "My husband, John Struck—that's his name—struck me, Mary Struck—that's my name. Can't you understand English?"

A light burst upon Gardner, and he made out a warrant for Mary Struck, against her husband, John Struck, 1645 North Wood street, charging that he struck her.

It was very simple after an explanation.

## Glove Counter Fussed Up When Actor Comes In

PITTSBURGH, PA.—He was an actor; if proof of identity were needed, the astrachan-collared topcoat and silver-headed walking stick (summer weight) were sufficient. As he breezed up to the ladies' glove counter in a downtown department store a blonde fairy sporting an aquiline nasal appendage recognized him.

"Thud!" Instantly business at the glove counter was at a standstill.

"Hey, girls," piped up the blonde with the noticeable nose; "pipe that guy that Mazie's waitin' on. He's a actor and plays in the stock company. Me'n Myrtle Harlin seen him play a swell part las' week. I guess he ain't workin' this week. Gee, ain't he a swell looker, though?" Like an ignited powder train this startling information spread throughout the department.

"Say," came from the blonde again, "wonder who's the lucky dame that guy's a-buyn' them white gloves fer?"

"Lorrie, but I wisht it was me," murmured a little thing with large blue eyes and a cerise waist.

All the time the several customers in the glove department were permitted to wait. One woman, who was being fitted for a pair of hand-leathers, believed she had a kick coming when one of the excited ones began sprinkling glove powder on her brand new black cloth coat.

Selecting a pair of lady's white kid gloves, the actor ordered them wrapped for mailing and then tendered a bill in payment.

Every eye in the department followed that bill. Every eye there saw it and saw that it was a one-spot.

White kid gloves for a lady—and to be mailed at that—only costing a case-note?

Fierce!

But this wasn't all. There was change forthcoming; and when the hero had departed, one of the stricken ones had courage to ask Mazie what priced gloves had been purchased.

"Oh, he ain't nothin' but a cheap skate. He got a pair of them 79-cent things and told me to take all the cost marks off."

## Cupid's Tolls Remain Unpaid; Talker in a Cell

NEWARK, N. J.—Absence made fonder the heart of Douglas Whittaker shortly after midnight the other morning as he wrestled with sleeplessness in his room in the Holland house. Douglas, who is eighteen and lives, when at home, in Winthrop, Mass., was thinking of a fair person in his home town and decided that the only way he could overcome his restlessness would be to call her on the telephone.

He made the call from his room.

The clerk, whose eye was on the white talk in the switchboard, at length grew weary and sent a bellboy to ask Douglas if he expected to terminate the conversation before Washington's birthday.

"Tell him I'll be finished in a minute," said Douglas. In time he hung up the receiver and walked down to the hotel office. "How much?" he asked the clerk.

"Oh, I guess a dollar'll cover it," was the answer, "but I might as well ask central."

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Whittaker.

It wasn't such a good idea—for Mr. Whittaker—as the operator announced that he had been talking for one hour and three minutes, the charge for which was \$24.40.

"Ooo," Douglas whistled. "I haven't got over 51 cents. You'll have to take that."

"Who put that foolish idea into your head?" the clerk asked. He sent for a policeman, and Douglas was arrested. He was held pending the receipt of word from his parents.

In view of the recent decision in a similar case by Judge Hahn that a telephone call cannot be stolen because it is not tangible, the outcome of this case invites interest, particularly from the hotel people.

## Part the Bronx Plays in Greater New York City

NEW YORK.—Greater New York consists of five boroughs. And if you should manage to squeeze into a Bronx express in the subway you probably would conclude that all of New York's millions live in the Borough of Bronx and only go to the other boroughs on business or for social purposes.

There are several ways of reaching the Bronx, but the most unpopular route is via the subway. Both local and express trains run to the Bronx. The local trains stop at every station on the way and take about an hour in transit. The express trains stop between stations and take about an hour and a half. But, as was stated, New Yorkers are natural born gamblers, and most everyone traveling to or from the Bronx tries to get into an express on the chance that it will make better time than a local. Sometimes the expresses do beat the locals by about two minutes.

People who reside in the Bronx sometimes move to Harlem. In the social climb, the route begins, for example, in a clothing store in the East side, where push-cart markets decorate the streets. From the lower East side the prosperous retail merchant moves to the Bronx. He has thus elevated his social status. When he becomes sufficiently wealthy for his daughters to resign their positions in the department stores where they sell ribbons, and for his sons to attend the City College of New York instead of continuing their study of the tailoring trade, he moves to Harlem, and the family craft is launched upon the social sea.

## GEORGETTE AND JOSEPH

By CARL MUNSON.

Georgette had resolved that her small brother, Joseph, in one way or the other, should take part in the national festival.

She was ten years old and he was five. He was very small for his age, with a wrinkled and grave little face. He was always suffering from some illness, and he was permanently bedridden, as his legs refused to carry him along.

Two years had passed since their mother had died, and it was Georgette who took care of him now. The father was fond of wandering about and was very seldom at home. He strolled around, working here and there, returning with some money and a secret fear that the children might have died of starvation in the meantime. He cried and kissed them and accused himself of being an unnatural father and swore never to leave them again. Then he would stay at home for some days without doing any work and complain of unemployment. This made him nervous and uneasy and at last he would make his escape, leaving his last money with Georgette.

They lived on the top floor of a house in one of the suburbs, an unhealthy house it was, so miserable that it had become a proverb, even in this shabby quarter. Its tenants were mostly rag pickers, beggars and drunkards, whose number was always decreased by sickness and death.

In this house, in a small, shabby room with one single window facing a dark yard, a room which was always dark even on a bright day, Georgette spent all her time with her brother. Once she had persuaded a physician to visit him and he had given her some medicine, but what was most needed was fresh air and a more healthful place in which to live.

But little Joseph was not longing for the country, the sea or the woods, as he had no idea what they were like. What he missed was that he could not go down into the street and see the illuminations on public holidays, which to him was the most wonderful thing in life.

From the beginning of July he had talked to his sister of all the wonderful things he had seen that year when he himself had been able to go out in the street and look at the festival, and Georgette, who wished that he shouldn't be disappointed this year and who did not dare to try to carry him through the crowded streets, had made up her mind to make an illumination for Joseph alone.

She began her preparation in good time. She helped her neighbor to unwrap colored lamps and not three of them in return. Near the mayor's house one day she found four colored glasses filled with oil, and for her last few centimes she bought a small Roman candle.

As the boy lay in bed she could not surprise him, and he enjoyed Georgette's preparations very much. She hung the lamps on a cord.

In the evening when all the streets were illuminated the sister lighted the colored lamps, and the colored glasses she put in the four corners of the room. It was wonderful. Joseph lay in his bed and laughed with joy, but the lamps smoked and Georgette had to open the window facing the illuminating yard. At 10 o'clock she lighted the Roman candle. It was a very cheap one, and at first it would not burn, but suddenly caught fire and filled the room with a red light and a horrible smoke.

The small boy coughed. Georgette rushed to the door and opened it. In the draught the flames in the lamps reached the wall paper. In a few minutes the fire reached the wooden frames of the window and the door. In vain Georgette tried to stop the fire, and with little Joseph clinging to her neck she rushed to the stairs.

At midnight the old house had burned down and only a heap of stones was left.

A crowd of people had collected in the square, together with the former occupants of the old house. The authorities of the suburb had arrived and one of them, a tall gentleman, put some questions to the concierge.

"It was the little one on the top floor who started the fire," she said. "Only she and I were in the house when the fire broke out. I won't say she did it purposely, but I shouldn't wonder if she did."

"Where is she?"

The concierge caught hold of a small shadow who was carrying something on her back.

Georgette, who was black with smoke and still carrying Joseph, stood before the stern judge, trembling and unable to say a word.

"Is it you who put the house on fire?" the tall gentleman asked her harshly.

Georgette did not try to lie. If she was to be put into prison and her little brother taken away from her it was better to get through it as quickly as possible. She confessed with trembling voice:

"Yes, it was me. I did not do it on purpose. It was for Joseph's sake. He was ill and I wanted to amuse him by illuminating the room—and then it began to burn as I opened the door to get some fresh air into the room."

She stopped, awaiting her sentence. Everybody was looking at her and the fear nearly choked her.

"Excellent," said the judge suddenly. "It wasn't done on purpose, but it was excellent that it was done. That miserable house has too long poisoned the whole quarter. It was a very wholesome fire. The occupants of the house may occupy the new school-house and the community shall help them. And you, little girl, I sentence to three months in a house of recreation in the country, together with your little brother. That is no more than common justice."

Her idea of it.

"Mary, I've just been reading about a New York family that had the same nurse maid for sixty-two years."

"Goodness! She must be acting as nurse maid to that family in its second childhood."

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

### LESSON FOR MARCH 15

#### LAWFUL USE OF THE SABBATH.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 13:10-17; 14:1-6. GOLDEN TEXT—"The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."—Mark 2:27.

These two sections of scripture have been chosen that we might emphasize the truth of the golden text which can correctly be translated, "The Sabbath was brought into being on account of man, and not man on account of the Sabbath."

There are two extremes of thought and action as regards the Christian Sabbath. One is to make it a holiday, the other to make it a holy-day, to worship the day as though it possessed some secret sacredness thereby forgetting the author of the day. A study of what Jesus taught will check laxity on the one hand and correct fanatical error on the other.

#### Contrast Shown.

I. Jesus healing the woman, 13:10-17. This incident is a strong contrast between God's mercy and man's lack of mercy. Satan was to blame for the woman's illness (v. 16) and at the same time for the hardness of the hearts of these men. The incident occurred in a synagogue and displeased the leaders. As if to rebuke them Jesus not only spoke the word of relief but also touched her, causing an instantaneous and a complete cure. Her response was to glorify God. The sight of this satanic captive acted in contrast upon Jesus and the rulers of the synagogue. Compassion and an utter lack of sympathy. More care for legalism than for the relief of one created in God's image. Jesus seems to have acted speedily and is today calling the unfortunate to him to be healed and comforted, Matt. 11:28-30. Jesus could have healed by a word only, John 5:40-43, but there is power also in the loving touch, which in this case quickened her faith (v. 13). The record does not suggest that her cure was in response to her faith as was the case in other cures, Matt. 8:10; 15:28. If the ruler had had a heart of compassion he too would have rejoiced at the cure, but he cared more for ceremonial ecclesiasticism than for the good of the worshippers and his emotion was that of indignation rather than that of joy. A religion that is more concerned with bondage to the beggarly elements, the observance of days (Gal. 4:9-11) is here denounced as hypocrisy (v. 15, 16). It is to have more interest in property than in human souls. Offtimes hatred for those who do not agree with us is covered up by a false fanatical pretended jealousy for the law of God. All sickness is in its essence the result of sin (Acts 10:38). But God is superior and can use it to our good, II. Cor. 12:7-9; Rom. 9:23. Dr. Torrey suggests six steps in this woman's healing: (1) She went to the place of worship; (2) she found the Lord there; (3) he spoke to her; (4) he touched her; (5) she was healed; (6) she gave God the glory. Our Lord declared to this ruler (v. 15) that the claims of humanity are superior to their acts toward cattle even as illustrated by the case of this woman who was a daughter of Abraham.

Love's Attributes.

II. Jesus healing the man, 4:1-6. In this incident the question of the Sabbath is raised by Jesus himself, evidently in answer to their mental attitude, for "they watched him" (v. 1). Receiving no reply, Jesus first healed the man and then again reminded them of the care they gave their cattle. Jesus plainly implies that if they give care to an ox or an ass on the Sabbath, how can it possibly be wrong to relieve humanity on the Sabbath? Mercy and love are superior to ceremonial steps. The reason is clear. Love is an attribute of God's character, I. John 4:8, and therefore his own ceremonies must give way before the activities and energies of his being. Thus to act upon the principles that concern the value of an "ox or an ass" is to allow the lower to control the higher, for a man is of more value than the ox. These Pharisees were exceedingly religious, great for the "letter of the law," but they were dried up at heart, and consequently far worse off than the man with the dropsy. It is small wonder then that the master's reply should silence them so "they could not answer him."

The Teaching.—It is true that fundamentally the Sabbath is one of worship and rest, but the reason for its existence is because of man's need of that rest. That true rest can be found only in a true and intelligent spiritual fellowship with God. Anything, therefore, that interferes with or hinders rest breaks the Sabbath and should be removed in order that the Sabbath intention may be observed. These men were justified in leading an ox or an ass to water on the Sabbath or to rescue one in peril. On the same principle any work which enables men to enter into a Sabbath rest is not only justifiable but necessary in the interest of the Sabbath itself. They cared for cattle only as cattle, their property; we must care for men for their own sakes and in his interest and behalf.

The Sabbath must never be desecrated by being made an instrument of harm to man. It is always desecrated when, in the presence of human need, we decline to render service on the plea of the sanctity of the day. A false ceremonial sanctity of any particular day must never be permitted to destroy the underlying, truly essential, sanction and authority for a Sabbath rest. Physically we do not each night fully regain our lost energy and need the seventh day to balance the account. Spiritually we need the strength that comes from the Sabbath day's rest, Isa. 30:15.

Too Obliging.

"Conductor, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger?" asked the inquisitive woman. "He seems to be a very nice fellow. It is a pity he should be crippled." "That's just it, mum. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."—Chicago News.

Happens That Way, Sometimes.

And many a father who thinks he is saving money when he gives his daughter in marriage discovers later that he has a son-in-law to support.

## IN QUEST OF HUSBAND

By C. CLARKE.

"I wonder if it's really true?" from the couch.

"What?" said Billy lazily.

Billy and I have just the nicest kind of time in the den on rainy days when she is home for the holidays.

And as she was curled up on the couch among the pink pillows, and I was in the big wicker chair.

"Why?" about the world being full of two kinds of men, the ones you love and the ones who love you."

"Why?" said Billy again. Billy was reading a story and I knew she didn't want to be bothered, but I kept on nevertheless. I know that I've stopped in the interesting parts of things lots of times when she has wanted to talk.

"Oh, because it's like that with me," I said gloomily.

"How?" said Billy, reaching for a chocolate, and then I threw a pillow at her, and she actually threw down her book.

"I'm blue," I said looking for sympathy, "and what's the use of going on playing that kind of a game if it's always going to be that way? I'll never get on with the men I like, and the men I like will never get on with me."

"Have a chocolate," said Billy sticking a box under my nose, and then we both dipped in, and sat with the box between us.

"It's just the same with you, too," I reflected sorrowfully.

"Just the way Ross Wilson adores you, sends you candy and hangs around all time, and then you laugh at him behind his back. And I know very well you'd be thrilled to death if Howard King should even mention such a thing as calling."

"I would not," said Billy with flaming cheeks. And then I hugged her and she whispered, "Well, I suppose I would, Peg."

"Why, if Mr. Allen should ever call me up and say he was coming over, I can tell you I'd be thrilled." I admitted with my chin in the air. And then the telephone rang and both jumped. But it wasn't for either of us. It was the plumber to see if the leak he had just fixed in the pipes was holding all right.

"Speaking of being thrilled," said Billy disdainfully. "Thank heaven, Peggy, you don't get into these moods very often. I guess I'll go back to that story. List to the part where you interrupted—Tears blinded her eyes and she leaped to her feet and seized him by the shoulder, all her anger ablaze."

"What on earth are you reading?"

"Oh, just a magazine story, but it's pretty good. I'll tell you. Peg, I don't think it will be that way about things when the right man comes along. Anyway, what's the use of worrying?" And then Billy went back to her story and I stopped bothering her.

I guess it is a good thing that I don't get these moods often. Today I just hate myself. I don't wonder that people think I'm frivolous. I just make them think so by the way I act when I intend to be perfectly sensible all the while.

Even Kate went back on me the other day when she ran in to ask me for a book I had promised to lend her.

"Why, you lovely, frivolous thing," she said, looking at me in such a funny way. Just because I had on my new pink negligee and the Dutch cap Beatrice gave me for Christmas. "Do you always look so dreary, or did you have an inkling that some one was coming?"

Kate is irritating sometimes and I remember that I was perfectly furious at the time. But I don't think it proves that I'm frivolous just because I like to look pretty. I remember that I told Dr. Hammond that same thing once long ago. Oh, I must think of something more cheerful; it would never do to meditate on Dr. Hammond just now.

"Oh, Billy," I said breathlessly, "how would you like gray velvet chinchilla with that gray mink hat?"

"Where?" said Billy, looking up vacantly.

And then I laughed and actually felt better.

#### Activities of Women.

Women of Alaska have full suffrage without opposition.

English women are rapidly taking to the game of la crosse.

Miss Charlotte McAuley has been acting as city attorney in Butte, Mont.

The Illinois Central railroad will employ women as gatemen at their terminals.

Miss Eleanor V. Barnard, who came to the United States to study American types, says that the American children excel in form and are a sturdier lot than those of her country.

Since Mrs. Cora W. Stewart took the position of superintendent of education in Rowan county, Kentucky, two years ago, she has succeeded in reducing the number of illiterates from 1,152 to 23.

The first woman to take up the diplomatic service as a profession has just been appointed in Christiania. She is Miss Henrietta Hoeg and is to be first secretary of the Norwegian legation in Mexico.

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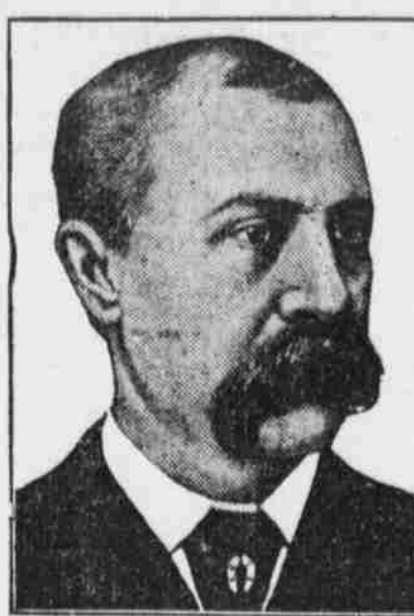
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## OUT-OF-ORDINARY PEOPLE

JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN



looks like him, yuh talks like him and yuh walks like him."

"You don't say so, Aunt Betsy?" replied Allen. "That is a compliment."

"Yes, sah, Marse John, an' yuh is just like yuh grandfathah in other ways, too," retorted Aunt Betsy. "He was a politician, jes' like yuh."

"Why, Aunt Betsy, I never knew grandfathah was a politician," replied Allen. "That is news to me."

"Oh, yes, sah," responded Aunt Betsy. "deed he was a politician. When de legislature dun met up dar at Richmond he dun went up dar and he stayed around all de winter. Ah knows, 'cause I was heah and yuh wasn't."

"Well, Aunt Betsy, what office did he ever hold?" inquired Allen.

"Jes' de same office yuh hold, Marso John," replied Aunt Betsy. "As long as Ah kin disremember, he was a candidate."

## REPRESENTATIVE HUMPHREY'S FIRST CASE

When Representative W. E. Humphrey of the First district of Washington last in congress he practices law for a living—but he has been in congress for 11 years. However, he spent long years at the bar, but they and the subsequent service in congress, have failed to dim the recollection of his first case. He doesn't tell it; one has to get Mrs. Humphrey to do that. Here it is:

It was back in Indiana, the state of the nativity of most far western statesmen, where they breed politicians as Massachusetts breeds highbrows. Mr. Humphrey had just hung out his shingle when he was retained in a small case before a county justice of the peace.

This justice was an old friend. Mr. Humphrey and he had sat on the same bench in country school and gone swimming together in the old swimming hole.

"Will," said the justice, seeking him out privately, "this is the first case I ever tried as justice, and I don't know a blamed thing about law. You've just got to help me out. But I can't afford to let the boys think that I am favoring you because of old friendship."

"Now, I want you to make a lot of objections in the trial. Never mind what they are about, just make 'em anyway. When you are making one of them sort of objections, you hammer the table with your fist. When you've got a real objection though, you hammer a book instead. See?"

The young advocate saw. And so, through the trial, he hammered vigorously, mostly on the table. But when he hammered on the book he got the ruling. The score at the end stood: Rulings against Humphrey, 12; rulings in favor of Humphrey, 5; percentage against Humphrey, 294. Nevertheless, Humphrey won.

"By jinks," remarked the admiring throng, "Will may have won all right, but he couldn't bluff the squire, even if he was an old friend."



When I chugged into it I found the remnants of a reception committee awaiting me.

"I'm late, boys," I said, cheerfully, "but I've done a capital day's work back in the country here."

"Have you been electioneering up that road you just came down?" inquired the committee spokesman in sour tones.

"Yes," I replied, "and I've got that section solid. Every man of them promised that, at least, he would not vote against me."

"I guess not!" rasped the spokesman. "You've been electioneering all day across the state line over in Vermont!"

## TREADWAY'S WASTED ENERGY



"I think I'm rightfully entitled to the presidency of the Wasted Energy club," remarked Representative Allen Treadway of Massachusetts at Washington, the other day.

In closing my campaign last fall with a tour through my district I sallied forth gayly one morning, after telephoning my lieutenants at the town of B— that I would arrive there punctually at three o'clock that afternoon to deliver an address.

"An hour later, as my car topped a hill, I saw a most charming valley stretched off to my right. Turning down into it I commenced my electioneering work."

"Never had I met such genial folk. Every one seemed ready to listen to me with a smile as soon as I made known my mission. Charmed with this reception, I forgot the flight of time until I suddenly found it was after four o'clock and I was a dozen miles from B—."

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## MRS. MORRIS SHEPPARD OF TEXAS

The woman in public life who remains enthusiastic and unwearyed throughout a Washington season, with its round of official and private entertaining, is rare. The woman who not only accomplishes this feat, but who finds time to read with her husband the good old books that a certain Mr. Dickens, a Mr. Thackeray and other gentlemen of their time used to write, is a paragon. She has achieved both peace and a sense of leisure.

One finds on the library table of Mrs. Morris Sheppard, the young wife of Senator Sheppard of Texas, not only these standard works of fiction that show she reads the conventional and well worn paths of literature. Besides these, there is always some rarer volume at hand, such, for instance, as an "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," or it may be, an exquisite brochure by some little known, little read author, which proves its owner and reader to be a connoisseur of books.

"My husband and I," says Mrs. Sheppard, "are fond of society, but we do not allow it to interfere with our favorite recreation, that of reading together. I don't know just how we accomplish it, but we do find time to enjoy together a great many of those standard books which are so much more enjoyable when read aloud than when read to one's self."

